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# AMERICAN ADVOCATE OF PEACE

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## PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIFTH UNIVERSAL PEACE CONGRESS.

The Fifth Universal Peace Congress opened in the Hall of Washington, Permanent Memorial Art Palace, Chicago, on the 14th of August. Hon. C. C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition, under whose auspices the Peace Congress was held, opened the meeting with a short address of welcome. He called attention to the purpose for which all the World's Congresses of this year were being held as one of friendly association and comparison and intended to promote the brotherhood of the world. The Peace Congress, he said, was in some sense the appropriate climax of all these congresses. After extending a hearty welcome to the delegates he called upon Hon. Thomas B. Bryan, chairman of the local committee on organization, and Mrs. Charles Henrotin, Vice-President of the Women's Branch of the Auxiliary, both of whom in a few appropriate words joined in giving the delegates a cordial welcome.

Hezekiah Butterworth, of the *Youth's Companion*, Boston, was then introduced and read the following ode entitled

### WHITE CITY BY THE INLAND SEA.

Columbus, pilot of the Aryan race,  
Before whose prow the heavens rose in gold,  
Behind whose keel the ocean backward rolled,  
We sing thy praise, O seer,  
On this our secular year;  
And that New Pilot that as years increase  
Shall life's uncharted mysteries unfold,  
And glorious lead the race of heaven to peace!

#### I.

"Come see ye a day that no eye ever saw,  
Nor again shall be seen by the living!"  
So the sweet notes of peace blew the trumpets of war,  
For Rome's century feast a thanksgiving;  
The century feast of Minerva and Pan,  
Of the golden wheat fields of Latona,  
The feast that the games of the heroes began,  
The feast of the Cycles of honor;  
The Seculum grand that the destinies sung  
In the centuries thrilling with story;

When the heralds went forth and the clear trumpets rung  
Through the air and the arches of glory—  
"Come see ye the day that no eye ever saw,  
Nor again shall be seen by the living;  
Come see ye the day!  
Come see ye the day!  
The Seculum! Feast of thanksgiving!"

#### II.

Grander trumpets than Rome's in the Appian Way  
In our ears, O my brothers, are ringing;  
They have summoned the nations: "Come see ye the day  
That the mountains and hills have been singing;  
Come see ye the day that awakened the strain  
When the golden lyres trembled o'er Bethlehem's plain,  
That the prophet by Shiloh foretold in his lays,  
That Virgil re-echoed in Pollio's praise,  
That to number the Aryan races have trod  
Through ages of toil the new highways of God,  
That the end of the faith of all heroes shall prove,  
And crown all the martyrs with laurels of love!  
Come see ye the day that man never saw,  
The day that shall silence the trumpets of war,  
And forever shall live;  
Come see ye the day!"

#### III.

Long the trumps have been sounding. Them Phocion heard,  
Aurelius in night marches olden;  
Them Rome, that stood still at Concordia's word,  
To sing 'mid her harvesties golden.  
The white Essenes heard them, the Waldenses' tents,  
The Palmers of peace, 'neath the skies of Provence;  
Pestalozzi who gave the Free School to mankind,  
Where bold the Alpine Cross blew in the wind;  
Them Wilberforce heard, them Cobden and Bright,  
The Quakeress Mott, them Sumner and Wright,  
And grand San Martin, who obedient laid down  
Incarial gold and Peruvian crown,  
And young Salaverry, who peace peans sung,  
Where the Andes above him their irises hung;  
New Italy heard them, and summoned from far  
The nobles of peace to her dead halls of war,  
And the white-bordered flag of America lay  
On the old gladiator! immortal the day!  
We heard them that morn, when the banner unfurled  
O'er Sandy Hook's waters to welcome the world,  
And the navies passed by and beheld on the height  
The White-Bordered Flag in the war-clouded light.  
When the White City set its new domes in the air,  
And the angels at night in the skies gathered there,  
And o'er it were lifted the gates of the sun,  
And heaven to the workmen had answered, well done!  
The jubilant trumps, down earth's Appian Way,  
Ring forth to all peoples: "Come see ye the day.  
Come see ye the day that no man ever saw,  
The day that shall silence the annals of war,  
And forever shall live.  
Come see ye the day!"

#### IV.

O, Aryan race, whose Seculums rolled  
Through Rome's old republic of splendor,

Thy pilot, Columbus, to-day we behold,  
And our tribute to science we render.  
We, a New Pilot wait while the peace bugles play,  
And the trumpets blow sweet down the Appian Way,  
And memories bold of the heroes of old  
Send forth the new steeds of the cycles of gold;  
Come see ye the day that no man ever saw,  
But forever shall live,  
Come see ye the day!

## V.

White City by the inland sea, all hail!  
Four hundred years from that immortal morn  
When shook the new found earth Pinta's guns,  
And science, liberty, and peace were born,  
All hail!  
Now Time her last melodious cycles runs  
And gathers here her new creation's sons,  
Senate of God, all hail!  
To give to man his birthright, and the world  
The peace it claims from sacredness of blood;  
To honest toil the wealth that it creates;  
To make the earth a brotherhood of states  
Beneath a flag for all mankind unfurled,  
And self to lose in universal good,  
Senate of God, all hail!  
Thine is the noblest work since time began,  
Thine is the final parliament of man!  
Ye've heard the bugles by the heralds blown  
From yon White City under God's white throne.  
Senate of God, all hail!

## VI.

Columbus, pilot of the Aryan race,  
Before whose prow the heavens arose in gold,  
Behind whose keel back rolled the ocean old,  
We sing thy praise, O seer,  
On this our secular year!

## VII.

He stood on the prow, our Æneas of old,  
And heard the mad tongues round him murmur;  
Forsaken by the earth, his eye read the stars  
And his foot on the waves but grew firmer;  
The night of suspense spread her wings o'er the deep,  
The night of hope, terror and wonder,  
And the winds held their breath, and in silence like death  
Came a flash, and the echoing thunder  
Rolled back from the shores of the ocean impeared,  
Rolled back from the hills of the new rising world!  
No lighthouse arose o'er the coral-reefed sea,  
No bell in the incapes rang warning,  
But the hero of faith wheeled the planet to see  
In the west the red climes of the morning.  
"Let processions be made, let grand anthems be sung!"\*  
Said the pilot of God, and rejoicing,  
His word we obey on this secular day,  
The heart of humanity voicing;  
The happy bells play, like the trumpets, and say  
"Come see ye the day!  
That forever shall live;  
Come see ye the day!"

## VIII.

Sing, ships of the sea, that the western waves cleave  
In the track of the caravels olden,  
That the nations in bonds of strong brotherhood weave,  
And mingle earth's harvesties golden!  
Sing, sing of your hero, ye hills of Genoa,  
Sing, isles of that morning wonder,

\* These were Columbus' own words.

That heard 'mid the palms of the echoing shore  
The guns of the caravel thunder.  
Sing, mighty procession of seas upon seas,  
Whose mysteries the whitened sails cover!  
Azorean ports, bright winged Caribbees,  
That around the broad continent hover!  
Sing, wide seas of Hesper, ye grand hills, and say  
While the trumpets of peace lead festive the way,  
"Come see ye the day!  
That forever shall live;  
Come see ye the day!"

## IX.

Columbus, pilot of the Aryan race,  
'Neath Hesper's star we wait a pilot new,  
For new achievement, greater toils to face  
Than Argonaut or bold Alcides knew,  
To rise for Truth, and still the seas of blood,  
And lead mankind to equal brotherhood.  
Who shall it be? What power shall bid war cease?  
*Thou answerest me, "White-Bordered Flag of Peace!"*  
Oh, white evangel, by the angels rolled  
Out of the skies, thy signal we behold.  
The silver trumpets blow across the world,  
From the White City to the inland sea,  
To see God's banner in the West unfurled,  
Senate of God, for thee!

Three thousand years the Aryan race has marched  
'Neath Hesper's torch towards the returning West.  
The Indus and the Oxus gave the word  
Advance!

O'er Iran's desert and Caucasian steppe  
The order ran 'neath burning olive trees  
Advance!  
Across Marmora's fleet and windy waves  
Still rolled the human tide, and down the Danube passed.  
The Adriatic smiled, and came the Rhine and Rhone  
To bring them welcome; still there came the word  
Advance!

The pioneers swept o'er the Pyrenees  
To meet the Xenil and the Guadalquivir,  
And face the sunset waves of mystery.  
Then came the Pilot walking on the main,  
Upborne by Truth and Destiny to meet  
The brother races of the blue Antilles;  
But the same voice was heard upon the deep —

Advance!  
Then rose the three Americas in sunset air,  
And o'er sierras blazing in the sky  
From lands of inland seas and mighty vales  
Down to the shores of the Pacific tide  
The restless race their ancient legends bore!  
Halt, pioneers, ye face the east again!  
The path of Science happy Freedom trod!  
And lo! came peace down from the heights of God!  
And her White City built of irises and wings  
In the great valley by the inland seas!  
And called from all the lands her sons, and rolled  
Her White Flag o'er the sun walls, and proclaimed  
Advance!

## X.

O, Freedom, I sing the new hope of thy story  
On this festival day, and the flags of thy glory  
I would girdle with songs white as angels of light!  
The pilot returned not when back came the Argo,  
But Orpheus, singing, to Troy brought the cargo  
Of golden-fleeced treasures! O, sons of the heroes,  
Earth's pilots return not, but all who have given  
To Freedom their blood, and wrong downward have driven,  
Have fought for the peace that the angels of heaven  
Sang forth from the stars, over Bethlehem burning —  
Your Argo of peace is from Colchis returning.

## XI.

Whene'er we meet the friends once fondly cherished,  
And hands all warm with old affection take,  
Then let us breathe the names of those who perish  
On fields of honor for their country's sake.

They come no more when spring-time birds are singing ;  
When trills the swallow 'neath the shady eaves ;  
When light in air the summer bells are swinging  
Above the ripple of the tender leaves.

They come no more when bugles sweet are blowing  
The notes of Peace, on Freedom's natal days ;  
They hear no more, in softened numbers flowing,  
The strain that tells the patriotic heroes' praise.

Oh, blest are they whose lives are nobly ended ;  
No dark dishonor shall they e'er receive ;  
From peril flown, to God's pure light ascended,  
Victorious through the ages long to live.

Whene'er we sing of lives of heroes ended,  
And marbles to their dust a tribute give,  
From chiefs who first their harvest fields defended,  
To patriots scarred, who in our memories live,

Comrades, remember that not yet defeated  
Are all the wrongs for which they fought and died ;  
In us alone the work can be completed  
Of patriots slain or prophets crucified.

What say ye, men, whose shades arise in glory,  
Ye long processions that with years increase ?  
Ye answer back from every age of story,  
" Make yonder flag the harbinger of peace."

" Man cannot pay the honor that is due us  
Till War, the Mower, lays his weapons down,  
And from the heights that festal centuries view us  
And Peace the tomb of every soldier's crown."

## XII.

O Liberty, time brings her harvest peace to thee !  
I sing the song that Salaverry\* sung,  
The warrior poet, o'er whose white camps hung  
The frozen irises of Andean skies,  
And whose celestial vision saw arise  
The flag of Peace, humanity to free :

## 1

" Ye warriors of freedom, ye champions of right,  
Sheathe your swords to sweet harmony's strains,  
No bayonet should gleam and no soldier should fight  
Where Liberty glorious reigns.

## 2

" Melt your lances to ploughshares, your swords into spades,  
And furrow for harvests your plains,  
No shock of the battle should startle the shades  
Where Liberty glorious reigns.

## 3

" But Plenty should follow where Peace leads the way,  
And Beneficence waken her strains,  
Let the war bugles cease and the peace minstrels play  
Where glorious Liberty reigns.

## 4

" Nor honor is won from the battlefield red,  
Nor glory from tumult and strife,  
That soldier is only by godlike thought led  
Who offers his country his life.

\* This South American hero was a poet of peace.

## 5

" Ye warriors of freedom, ye champions of right,  
Sheathe your swords to sweet harmony's strains,  
No bayonet should gleam and no soldier should fight  
Where glorious Liberty reigns ! "

## XIII.

White City by the inland sea, all hail !  
Above thy domes one breeze all flags are blowing,  
Thou art the future, irised, sun-crowned, glowing,  
And War to greet thee drops his coat of mail.  
Loud cries the Past from her dead fields of blood ;  
Disarm !

The world of Christ obedient to her Lord ;  
Disarm !

The toilers of all lands with one accord ;  
Disarm !

The mothers of all lands in one grand word ;  
Disarm !

The children leading the New World's brotherhood ;  
Disarm !

And all who men's life-blood as sacred hold,  
And all who live for men and not their gold,  
And the long future as her gates unfold ;  
Disarm !

## XIV.

All bright with the fields of the harvest to-day,  
Time moves to its destinies splendid,  
And Freedom triumphant is leading the way  
By Science and Progress defended.  
The School heads the march of the banner of God,  
In the way Pestalozzi in clear visions trod,  
And truth is the end of endeavor,  
And our Washington's fame and our grand Lincoln's name  
Shall ring in the trumpets forever !  
Hail, stars of the dawn ! Hail, bright harvest morn !  
The Destinies say to the spindles, go on !  
The trumpets are sounding ! " Arise and essay,  
Come see ye the day !  
That forever shall live ;  
Come see ye the day ! "

## XV.

Messiah of nations, let centuries hail  
Thy secular year of Thanksgiving ;  
Like the Romans of old, let them tell the grand tale  
That is heard only once by the living.  
The new march of Knowledge and Progress appears,  
And Chronos is winding the clock of the years,  
A hundred thanksgivings shall follow the sun,  
And this grand year of Colon shall bind them as one,  
And the centuries sing  
As the peace trumpets play,  
Like the Romans of old down the Appian Way —  
Come see ye the day  
That forever shall live !  
Come see ye the day !

White City by the inland sea, all hail !  
The Aryan race that erst Columbus led  
O'er living seas with hope's uncharted sail  
Takes the White-Bordered Flag of Liberty  
For her New Pilot, and goes forth from thee  
To bless the living and to crown the dead.  
Loud cries the Past from her dead fields of blood ;  
Advance !  
The world of Christ, obedient to her Lord ;  
Advance !  
The toilers of all lands with one accord ;  
Advance !

The mothers of all lands in one grand word;  
Advance!  
The children leading the New World's brotherhood;  
Advance!  
This day that no living man ever saw,  
With white hand closes the black gates of war,  
And ne'er shall end till from the Aryan race  
The sun shall hide on its last fire his face.  
Halt, serried hosts! Reverse the sword and lance!  
White-Bordered Flag, advance!  
White City by the inland sea, all hail!  
White-Bordered Flag of Liberty,  
That thence the pilot of the race shall be,  
All hail! All hail!  
Senate of God, all hail!

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Assistant Secretary of State, was then introduced as President of the Congress and on taking the chair delivered the following address :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ARBITRATION AND PEACE CONGRESS :

I thank you sincerely for the honor of being called to preside over the deliberations of this body. Believing with full conviction that the future belongs to the cause of peace, and at no distant period arbitration will take the place of warfare between civilized nations as a means for the settlement of their differences, I am glad to join in this international meeting of those who are working to hasten the coming of that time.

If we are asked to state what important or direct result a meeting of this character can be expected to accomplish, we may not be able to give in advance a very specific answer; but I think that there is one great fact of our day which gives to this Congress and its deliberations an eminently practical character. That is the fact that public opinion is now a more distinct and concrete thing than it has ever been in the past, and that it governs the civilized world to a greater extent than ever before. It is this public opinion which we are here to endeavor to affect, to shape toward the belief that in the present stage of the development of mankind, wars between nations are barbarous and unnecessary; that the questions which they are supposed to settle, but which they generally fail so grievously to permanently adjust, can be better settled through other agencies. However forms of government may differ among civilized powers at the present day, in nearly every one of them public opinion controls the action of the government.

It is only within our time that the means have existed through which this public opinion could intelligently form itself, and the organs through which it could find expression when formed. The people are now at last being educated to think and to understand, to grasp the fact that they have the power to rule themselves. The modern growth of the press, and the general and constant discussion of questions of public interest which it makes possible, is developing the reasoning powers of the people, and giving to intelligent thought a force which it has never before possessed. This public opinion, in spite of its temporary aberrations, is becoming more and more a thinking and intelligent opinion. While the inherited ideas of the people, and the old prejudices which have come down from the past may still seem slow to change, reason is now sure to assert its sway in the long run, and

progressive views will in the end prevail over all indifference or opposition. It is to the public opinion of thinking men everywhere that we make our appeal.

If through this Congress we can in any measure make an impression upon the men who form and create public opinion, if we can plant some seed of thought where it may take root and in due season bring forth fruit a hundred fold, if we can attract the attention and win the sympathy of some who have not yet been enlisted in the cause of peace, if we can increase, by ever so little, that body of intelligent thought which is now making itself felt against all international warfare, then we can claim a practical result for this Congress in the highest sense of the word.

In this year of national hospitality it is a pleasant duty to extend to the advocates of peace who have come from other lands to attend this Congress a hearty welcome to a country which can fairly claim to rank as the most pacific among the great powers of the earth. Owing largely to the good fortune of its geographical position, the United States has been enabled to attain its growth as a purely industrial nation, in which the military organization plays such a minor part that it is almost lost sight of. Its people, starting upon their national life upon a new continent, remote from the inherited antipathies and causes of dispute existing upon the continent of Europe, have been enabled, in spite of the three wars into which they have been drawn since the establishment of their independence, to develop a great civilization of a more purely peaceful character than the world has ever before seen. But it is not my purpose to claim this result as due to anything more than fortunate circumstances, still less to make any comparison disparaging to other nations whose development, proceeding under very different conditions, has not yet carried them beyond the semi-military stage of civilization.

In a brief introductory address I do not flatter myself that I can advance any new ideas upon a theme which has been the subject of such full and able discussion, nor shall I attempt a detailed examination of any of the specific problems confronting us, which can be more properly dealt with in the comprehensive series of papers which are to be presented by other members of this body. But it may not be inappropriate, by way of general introduction to the addresses which are to follow, to devote a little time, in view of the unique position which the United States occupies in the international peace movement, to considering the peculiar causes which give it such a marked pacific character and make it a factor of constantly growing importance in the establishment of a permanent status of peace among civilized nations. All countries should learn to profit by the experience of each, and in spite of wide differences of conditions it will be readily conceded that the nations of the old world may find some useful lessons embodied in the political experience of the United States.

The first of these lessons seems to me to be that the union of a large population under one government, and the extension of a single political authority over a wide area of territory, or, in other words, the formation of a great nation, has a powerful tendency towards the maintenance of peace. The reasons why this is so are tolerably obvious. A large and powerful nation has less reason than a smaller and weaker power to fear invasion or attack. It may, to be sure, have an equally strong country as its neighbor, as is the case in some instances in Europe, but